A CHOICE COLLECTION OF NEW SONGS.

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VIZ.

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LOVE and INNOCENCE.

ANGELIC fair beneath yon pine.
On graſs verdure lets recline,
And like the morn be gay; And, &c.
See how Aurora ſmiles on ſpring,
See how the larks ariſe and ſing,
To hail the infant day. To, &c.

Muſic ſhall wake the morn, the day
Shall roll unheeded as we play,
In wiles impell'd by love:
When weary we will deign to reſt
Alternate on each other's breaſt,
While Cupid guards the grove.

What prince can boaſt more happineſs,
Than I poſſeſſing thee poſſes,
All care is baniſh'd hence;
Say mortals, who our deeds deſpiſe,
In what ſuperior pleaſure lies,
Than love and innocence. Than, &c.

The STOLEN KISS.

HOW can you deny me a bliſs,
That virtue herſelf can beſtow,
I aſk but a ſmile, a ſmile and a kiſs,
And frowning you anſwer me no.
Since ſo eaſy, ſo pleaſing the taſk,
Much kinder I'm ſure you would prove
My dear, then if you was to aſk,
I'd give you ten thouſand for love. My, &c

But if this is the rule of your ſex,
And women will thus their hearts maſk,
Denials no more, no more ſhall me vex,
But I'll take them, and afterwards aſk,
The fop who will beg for a week,
Muſt ne'er hope then to bill like dove,
To ſuch the maid offers her cheek,
Her lips ſhe reſerves for her love. To, &c.

Like fruit that is bought in the ſtreet,
The kiſs that is given may pleaſe;
But that is the choice and moſt ſweet,
Which is ſtole from the bloom of the tree.
Then a thief I'll forever remain,
Nor fear the effects of their laws,
Great counſellor love I'll retain,
And women may judge their own cauſe.

The GREY MORNING.

AWAY to the fields, ſee the morning looks grey,
And ſweetly bedapl'd forebodes a fine day;
The hounds are all eager the ſport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chace. And &c.

CHORUS.

Then hark in the morn to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew;
While the ſeaſon invites, with all its delights,
The health giving chace to purſue.

How charming the ſight when Aurora firſt dawns,
To ſee the bright beagles ſpread over the lawns,
To welcome the ſun, now returning to reſt,
Their mattins they chaunt as they eagerly queſt.

But O how each boſom with tranſport it fills,
To ſtart juſt as Phebus peeps over the hills;
While joyous from valley to valley rebounds,
To the ſhout of the hunters and cry of the hounds.

See how the brave hunters with courage elate,
Fly hedges and ditches, or top the bar'd gate;
Born by their old courſers, no danger they fear,
But give to the winds all vexation and care.

Ye cits for the chace quit the joys of the town,
And ſcorn the dull pleaſure of ſleeping in down;
Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
Ours ſtill is repair'd with contentment and health.

The MIDDLESEX FARMER.

AT night with the woodlark I reſt,
I riſes each morn with the ſame;
By the note of the nightingale how am I bleſt,
I laugh at the trumpet, the trumpet of fame.
My meals without riches are crown'd,
Fair temperance comes in their ſtead,
At my table tho' plenty be found,
By virtue my footſteps are laid.

From the top of my primroſe hill,
How many proud buildings I ſee,
Let the lords of them envy who will,
My eaſe and my cottage for me.
I labour, but leave when I pleaſe,
I ſtudy, but not to my hurt;
My life is a compound of eaſe,
Avoiding all courtiers at court.

Peace dwells in my roof that is low,
To give up to pride her fair room;

No envy, no, hatred, no malice ſhall grow,
While love, truth, and eaſe are in bloom,
Of health. not of ſtate do I dream,
So ſweet is my ſleep when I riſe;
Dick whiſtles to plow with his team,
And I to my herds with freſh joys.

I ſmile at my country's increaſe
In commerce, religion, and arms,
My hand and my heart, O my heart is for ſuch
A briton whom liberty, liberty warms.
See Britain's flag ſtreaming with ſilks,
Diſplay glory we all may be free;
May liberty ne'er want a Wilkes,
Nor Wilkes ne'er want liberty.

The SHEPHERD's WEDDING.

COME haſte to the wedding you friends and you neighbours,
The lovers their bliſs can no longer delay,
Forget all your ſorrow, your care, and your labour,
And let every heart beat with rapture to-day.
Come, come, one and all,
Attend to my call,
And revel in pleaſure that never can cloy.
Come, ſee rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Let envy and pride, let hate and ambition,
Still croud to and beat at the breaſt of the great,
To ſuch wretched paſſions we give no admiſſion,
But leave them alone to the wiſe ones of ſtate:
We boaſt of no wealth,
But contentment and health,
In mirth and in pleaſure our moments employ.

With reaſon we taſte of each heart ſtirring pleaſure,
With reaſon we taſte of each full flowing bowl;
But jocund and gay all beyond meaſure,
For fatal exceſs will enſlave the free ſoul;
Then come at our bidding,
To this happy wedding,
No care ſhall intrude our bliſs to annoy.
Come ſee, rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

LIBERTY.

SINCE every charm on earth combiue,
In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,
Why was I born, ye Gods, to ſee,
What robs me of my liberty. What, &c.

Until that fatal hapleſs day,
My life was lively, blythe, and gay,
Could ſport with every one but ſhe,
Who robs me of my liberty. Who, &c.

Think then, dear Chloe, 'ere too late,
That death muſt be my hapleſs fate,
If love and you do not agree,
To ſet my heart at liberty, To, &c.

Now to the darkſome woods I rove,
Reflecting on the pains of love,
And envy every clown I ſee,
Enjoy the ſweets of liberty. Enjoy, &c.

We'll follow hymen's happy train,
And every idle care diſdain;
We'll live in ſweet tranquility,
Nor wiſh for greater liberty. Nor, &c.

A Caution to the Fair Sex.

YE fair, poſſeſt of every charm,
To captivate the will,
Who ſmiles can rage itſelf diſarm,
Whoſe frowns itſelf can kill:
Say will you deign the verſe to hear,
Where flattery bears no part,
An honeſt verſe that flows ſincere,
And candor from the heart.

Great is thy power, but greater yet,
Mankind it might engage,
If as ye all could make a net,
Ye all could make a cage:
Each nymph a thouſand hearts might gain,
For who to beauty blind;
But to what end a priſoner make,
Unleſs ye have ſtrength to bind.

Attend the council often told,
Too often told in vain,
Learn the beſt art the heart to hold,
And lock the lover's chain.
Gamſters to little purpoſe win,
Who loſe again as faſt:
'Tis beauty makes the charms enſnare,
And ſweetneſs makes it laſt.

The LINNETS.

AS bringing home the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The pretty warblers ſeem to pray
For liberty again.

Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
I ſprang acroſs the mead;
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
And flutter'd to be free. And, &c.

As paſſing thro' the tufted grove,
Near which my cottage ſtood,
I thought I ſaw the queen of love,
When Flora's charms I view'd.
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I preſt her ſtay,
To hear my tender tale,
Cut all in vain, ſhe fled away,
Nor could my ſighs prevail. Nor, &c.

Some thro' the wound which love had made,
Came pity to my breaſt,
And thus, I as compaſſion bade,
The feather'd pair addreſt:
Ye little warblers, chearful be,
Remember not ye, flew;
For I, who thought myſelf ſo free,
Am far more caught than you. Am, &c.

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FINIS.